To his Highneſſe Oliver Cromwell,

Lord High Protector of *England, Scotland,* and *Freland.*

THou Lord of Hoſts, that guideſt Sea and Land,
O ut of thy love direct my heart and hand,
H is Theam to write, that *Englands* Helm doth ſteer,
I n thought, in word, and deed keep him ſincere:
S uch honor as thou giv'ſt him here in love;

H is glory let it far exceed above,
I n Paradiſe, where true joys ever dwell,
G ive him that Crown, that earthly Crowns excel.
H is place is very high, his thoughts keep low,
N one but his Maker let him truly know;
E v'n all but Chriſt, let him count droſs and dung,
S o fix his mind, his faith may grow more ſtrong;
S end Angels bleſt, to fetch him to his friend,
E ven when his daies by natures courſe ſhall end.

O Engliſh hearts, advance your thoughts on high,
L aud now expreſs to him that rules the Sky,
I n that he doth all errors foul diſpel,
V ile horrid devilliſh Tenents (broacht) from hell:
E ach one extol and praiſe the living Lord,
R ightly ruling all Nations by his Word.

C all friend to mind the danger we were in,
R aiſed by ſome, who lately did begin
O ut of *Sauls* zeal, the Clergy to expel,
M ingling the Goſpels truth, with Doctrines fell.
W ell may the Tribe of *Levi* now rejoyce,
E ven from the heart, that God hath made a choice,
L ifting up one, a *Nehemiah* ſtout,
L ewd projects of *Sanballats* crew to rout.

L ord of thy ſelf, (its not of our deſert)
O ut of meer love to take poor *Englands* part,
R aiſing a *Cromwell*, Gods cauſe to defend, (rend.
D readful to thoſe who would Chriſts Church ſtill

H is happy entrance I do remember,
I n the tenth moneth it was, cold December;
G od gave him power in zeal our hearts to warm,
H imſelf with Councel, us to ſave from harm.

P rotect Lord, (protect) our Lord Protector,
R aiſe his thoughts, t' affront the ſlie projector:
O n *Sions* good, let him ſtill ſet his joy,
T heir downfal ſeek, who ſeek her to deſtroy:
E ven as King *David* ſtill had help from God,
C ontrive ſo (Lord,) to ſettle his abode,
T hat Sacred truth may flouriſh, errors fly
O ut of this Commonwealth perpetually.
R ight ſo *Amen*, *Amen* from heart ſay I.

O f mercy Lord, bleſs *Englands* Commonwealth,
F ence it from Forreign and Domeſtick foes;

E ven to all in it give ſoul-ſaving health,
N or ever let them taſt of endleſs woes:

G ive *Urim* and *Thummim* to the Clergy,
L ike Trumpets ſhrill, to ſound aloud thy praiſe:
A lſo us joyn in holy Unity,
N ot only now, but during all our daies. (ſoon;
D eath will approach, there's none that knows how

S hall we then trifle out our precious time?
C all'd many be (by death) e're it be noon,
O *Jacobs* ladder let's begin to clime;
T hat ſo our ſouls the Heavens may aſcend,
L ike Chriſt our Saviour, who is gone before;
A s ſoon as death our fleeting daies ſhall end,
N one may us ſtay from joys for evermore.
D eal gently (Lord God) with thy people all,

A s ſuffer bondage under Turk or Pope;
N one can them free but thou, from careful thrall
D eliver thoſe, who on thee fix their hope.

I notice give to all of *Levies* Tribe,
R ight to us now, ſtands our Lord Protector;
E lſe we might droop, for ſome both ſcoff and gibe,
L augh at us too, ah! poor ſoul neglector;
A nd thankleſs ſhall we be unto our God:
N o; who of all ſhould praiſe him more then we?
D oth he not mind to ſettle our abode?
D ecree (though) ſome would all our miſerie.

Poſtſcript. Ergo,

Cantemus Deo canticum,
Quòd nos non ſumus miſeri,
Cantemus Deo canticum,
Quòd omnes ſumus liberi.

Quòd omnes ſumus liberi,
Cantemus Deo canticum,
Quòd nos non ſumus miſeri,
Cantemus Deo canticum.

And that ye may this underſtand,
And with me all in joy accord,
The Lord hath by his mighty hand,
Quite overthrown the threatning Sword.

Clean overthrown the furbuſht Sword,
The Lord hath by his mighty hand,
Then in a Pſalm let us accord,
For ſaving us, and eke our Land.

Your Highneſſe in all dutiful obſervancy, and Chriſtian-like humility, *John Lineall*, Miniſter and Preacher of Gods Word; yet now hath neither place nor maintenance, being aged 66. years.

1655.